

Points for Mothers

Moral Failings of Nervous Children.
Stealing is not as common as untruthfulness and usually takes the mild form of the pilfering of jellies or sweets. Thus frequently we find the physical basis right there in the demand of the system for more sugar. Some children will take from others what they consider trifles merely from a desire to possess and would not think of appropriating anything of great value. Such a child does not consider this a form of theft and if rudely awakened to the fact that it is will suffer marked nervous shock. In a hysterical desire to ingratiate themselves with parents or teachers some children will steal money and other valuables, but always with a desire to give it to others and reserve none for themselves.

Now, in dealing with any of these forms of theft the child must not be accused of being a thief; neither must his act be called theft. It must be clearly shown to him that the act is not right; that he has no right to anything which belongs to another, and then the promise may be exacted that he will respect these rights in the future. The child should not be impressed with the full gravity of the offense because he will then be in dread of the punishment which he sees meted out to ordinary thieves. But the parent must not overlook even apparently harmless pilfering of sweets. A continuance of such habits may lead to the taking of valuables, and it must be checked as soon as possible.

A Mother's Seven Commandments.
Make love to every one, including your own children. If you say pretty things to the kiddies they will say pretty things to you.

The larger number of children in a family the better are the opportunities for a natural education. Your youngest child is always the brightest, because one child learns from another quicker than from an older person.

Never say "don't" to a child. If he becomes mischievous try to interest him in something else.

Never force a child. There is no danger of overburdening his brain with knowledge as long as he is interested. When you see you are tiring him let him rest.

Keep your children cheerful and happy by being cheerful and happy yourself. A disposition can be made in youth.

Not every mother is adapted to educate her own children, but all who can should do it.

All mothers should believe in the fairness and should make their babies believe in them. As long as they are your friend you will be happy.

Give Children Plenty of Sleep.

Modern education imposes upon children who are industrious, but slow in reaching mental strain, and such children require much time for sleep. The matter of sleep can be overdone as well as underdone. "Early to bed" is always a good principle and applies to all children. "Early to rise" is also a good principle for most children, but not for all. The child who is drowsy and languid in the morning, who begins his day lacking freshness and spirit, should be allowed to sleep longer in the morning until it has been determined what the definite cause may be, and irrespective of the baneful effect of loss of sleep upon the health of the child a pupil suffering from such loss cannot be sent to his instructor except with the assurance that his best mental work cannot be accomplished.

Disturbed Sleep.

When a child awakens frequently this is generally due to nervous irritability. Not infrequently this depends upon poor or improper nourishment.

Careful consideration should be given to the question of diet, for it may be insufficient in amount or of such character that it is not easily digested. Fully half the instances of disturbed sleep are due to this one cause.

If the sleeping apartment is overheated or is poorly ventilated so that the child is robbed during sleep of good fresh air or the bed coverings are insufficient or uncomfortable this will result in disturbed sleep. Naturally with these causes present any undue excitement will aggravate the trouble.

Moral Responsibility.

At seven a child should know clearly the difference between right and wrong. We do not mean by this that he can then decide finer questions of duty and morals, but he will be able to discern what is right from what is not, and, having that power, he is accountable for his acts, if normally developed. If there is a failure at this age to discern these clearly the child should receive the benefit of a thorough physical examination to discover the fault.

Help For Mothers.

For sore throats beat the white of a fresh egg with half a teaspoonful of sugar. Then squeeze the juice of half a lemon into this. Give a teaspoonful every hour.

For a scratch beat the white of an egg with a teaspoonful of salt. Dip cloth into this, then bind on sprain. As soon as cloth dries saturate it again.

WHAT GOOD ROADS MEAN.

The final report of the joint congressional committee on federal aid to good roads set forth the advantages of good roads thus: "Systematic efforts and co-operation of nation, states and counties will make American highways the best in the world, bring remote agricultural lands within practicable hauling distance from railroads, materially raise the value of farm property, enhance the margin of profit on farm products, vastly increase the average daily attendance at rural schools, raise the standard of rural education, make the motor truck an economical vehicle for American farmers, lighten the labors of American horses, save wear and tear of harness and wagons, and add to the comfort and happiness of all rural residents."

ADVANTAGES OF WIDE TIRES.

They Pull More Easily Than Narrow Ones and Make Better Tracks.

"Wide tired wagons pull more easily than narrow tired ones 90 per cent of the times when they are used," says F. A. Wirt, instructor in farm mechanics in the Kansas State Agricultural college. Professor Wirt has just completed experiments with wide and with narrow tired wagons.

Narrow tires pull harder than wide tires, says Professor Wirt, because the narrow tire cuts deeper into the top soil. The wide tire does not cut so deep and makes a better track on roads which are traveled while the ground is soft. The wide tire packs the surface into a firm roadbed.

The experiments show that in corn fields, plowed fields, field lanes and on pasture and alfalfa land the draft on the wide tire is considerably less, no matter what the condition of the soil.

In places where the mud is deep and rolls up on the wheels in ruts made by narrow wheels, or in a surface of mud with a hard ground beneath, the narrow tire will pull more easily. The narrow wheel fits the rut, and it collects less mud than the wide tire.

Width of tire and height of wheel have a great effect upon the draft. The usual width of the narrow tire is one and three-fourths inches, while the wide tire is usually three or four inches wide. The tires used in the tests were one and three-fourths and four inches wide respectively. Six inch wheels are used only on low trucks.

A farmer who can afford only one wagon will find many factors entering into his selection. If he has to go on the roads in all kinds of weather he will find the narrow tires better because they will collect less mud when the roads are bad. On the other hand, if he goes only when the roads are good or uses the wagon in the fields a great deal he will find the wide tire will be preferred because of the light draft and less damage to the fields.

One of the main points in favor of the wide tire is that their use greatly improves the roadbed, as they will pack the top soil, making the roadbed firm, and thus enabling it to drain well in time of rain. The wide tire will not cut up the meadow or field as does the narrow tire. This is also important, as a smooth surface in the meadow is much easier to mow over.

Oiling Streets and Roads.

The advantages of oiling city streets are strikingly illustrated by a recent statement relative to the saving effected in the cost of sprinkling, repaving and cleaning streets in the city of Oakland, Cal. During the year 1910-11 the cost of sprinkling, according to the statement referred to, amounted to \$86,613. The corresponding expenditure during the season 1911-12 was \$81,496, during 1912-13 it was \$67,858 and during 1913-14 \$56,492, while the estimated cost for the season 1914-15 was placed at \$45,615. In discussing these figures it was stated that the fiscal year 1910-11 included a wet winter, when the rainfall was particularly heavy, and that, in addition, during May and June, 1911, certain retrenchments had to be made on account of lack of funds, so that the total expenditure for sprinkling was less than might reasonably have been expected. On the other hand, the years of 1911-12 and 1912-13 were extremely dry, and had no oiling been done the annual cost of sprinkling might well have been nearly \$100,000. Attention was also called to the fact that the area sprinkled in 1910-11 was smaller than the present area sprinkled. Since July 1, 1911, the street department has oiled over ninety miles of macadam roads, and to this is attributed the reduction in the cost of sprinkling as well as very material savings in the costs of repaving and cleaning.

DRAG THE ROADS.

When the smiles of spring appear,
Drag the roads.
When the summer time is here,
Drag the roads.
When the corn is in the ear,
In the winter cold and drear,
Every season of the year—
Drag the roads.

When you've nothing else to do,
Drag the roads.
If but for an hour or two,
Drag the roads.
It will keep them good as new,
With a purpose firm and true.
Fall in line, it's up to you—
Drag the roads.
—Kansas Industrialist

FARMER'S PACKING HOUSES

Important Factors Which Can Not Be Disregarded—Adequate Supply of Stock an Essential—Federal Meat Inspection.

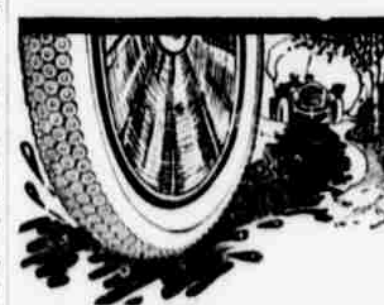
Farmers' cooperative meat-packing companies recently have been organized in a number of communities in Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota and more than a score of others are reported to be contemplated. Such marked interest in the possibilities of co-operation in the packing business is being manifested in various sections of the country that the Department of Agriculture is making a study of the movement to determine what conditions are essential to the success of this plan of co-operation and to give rational counsel in the matter wherever help is requested. Specialists of the department's Office of Markets and Rural Organization, working in conjunction with the Bureau of Animal Industry, call attention to a number of important factors which can not be disregarded without danger of disappointment, if not disaster.

In the first place, it is said that communities in which cooperative packing houses are proposed should understand that one of the requisites for interstate shipment of meats from any plant, whether cooperative or privately owned, is government inspection of the plant and of the animals and meats handled. Regulations of the United States Department of Agriculture provide that an authorized Federal inspector or inspectors be stationed at every plant engaged in interstate business. Before granting inspection privileges to a plant, however, the Government requires the plans and specifications of the plant, including sanitary arrangements, to conform to official standards. By communicating with the department regarding this matter and with officials of the State agricultural college and experiment station or others who are in a position to give official aid, serious mistakes may be avoided by communities which are on the point of organizing such an enterprise. The importance of this point is evident, in view of the fact that most of the companies recently organized, it is said, were promoted by persons from outside of the communities concerned. The Department of Agriculture is prepared to furnish advice relative to proposed plans and welcomes inquiries regarding these matters wherever it can be of service to the farmers of any locality or to officials of cities contemplating the establishment of municipal abattoirs.

The Reason.
"I see they hated that new student yesterday by rubbing jam through his hair."
"That was because they wanted his first sweet impressions to stick."—Baltimore American.

The Christ Life.
I believe, after my eighteen years of experimenting, that it is both possible and right to live like the lilies of the field and the birds of the air; to sell all that one has and give to the poor, without expecting a return; to allow all that one has to go from one unprotected. I believe this to be possible and right to do, but I know that I personally cannot do it, partly because I am lazy, selfish and heartless, but I think even more because I am weak and apprehensive and because lifelong habits of thought and action now become instinctive prevent my living by the truth I recognize.—Margaret Stickney Kendall in Atlantic Monthly.

Christian & Co., INSURANCE.



Oil resisted is tire money saved! Get to know

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

RECEIVED AT 18 DIX 10 P. M. DALLAS TEXAS 31
WEAVER'S GARAGE
CARLSBAD, N. M.
ALL VACUUM CUP TIRES GUARANTEED SIX THOUSAND MILES EFFECTIVE TODAY.
PENNsylvania RUBBER CO.
18-32-A M

Weavers Garage

The BLACK BOX

E. PHILIPS OPPENHEIM
Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

THIRD INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS.

In her apartment at the Leland Elms, daughter of Lord Ashleigh, is murdered and the Ashleigh diamond necklace stolen. The New York police place the case in the hands of Sanford Quest, known and feared as the master criminologist of the world. He takes Lenora, Elms's maid, to his own apartments and through hypnotism and the use of electro-telepathic appliances discovers her connection with the crime, recovers the diamonds and arrests the murderer, Macdougal. Lenora's husband, though nearly trapped to his death in a tough tenement house while engaged in the work, Lenora becomes one of Quest's assistants. The detective is called in to investigate the theft of the skeleton of an ape, Lord Ashleigh. Macdougal escapes while on his way to prison. A string of diamonds is mysteriously stolen from Mrs. Rheinholdt during a reception.

THE POCKET WIRELESS.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Sanford Quest sat in his favorite chair, his cigar inclined toward the left-hand corner of his mouth, his attention riveted upon a small instrument which he was supporting upon his knee. He glanced across the room to where Lenora was bending over her desk.

"We've done it this time, young woman," he declared triumphantly. "It's all O. K., working like a little peach."

Lenora rose and came toward him. "Is that the pocket wireless?"

He nodded. "I've had Morrison out at Harlem all the morning to test it," he told her. "I've sent him at least half a dozen messages from this easy chair, and got the replies. How are you getting on with the code?"

"Not so badly for a stupid person," Lenora replied.

Laura, who had been busy with some papers at the farther end of the room, came over and joined them. "Say, it's a dandy little affair, that. Mr. Quest," she exclaimed. "I had a try with it, a day or so ago. Jim spoke to me from Fifth avenue."

"We've got it tuned to a shade now," Quest declared. "Equipped with this simple little device, you can speak to me from anywhere up to ten or a dozen miles."

Quest rose to his feet and moved restlessly about the room.

"Say, girls," he confessed, "this is the first time in my life I have been in a fix like this. Two cases on hand and nothing doing with either of them. Criminologist, indeed! Whose box is this?"

Quest had paused suddenly in front of an oak sideboard which stood against the wall. Occupying a position upon it of some prominence was a small black box, whose presence there seemed to him unfamiliar. Laura came over to his side and looked at it also in puzzled fashion.

"Never saw it before in my life," she answered.

Quest grunted.

"H'm! No one else has been in the room, and it hasn't been empty for more than ten minutes," he remarked. "Well, let's see what's inside, anyway."

He lifted off the lid. There was nothing in the interior but a sheet of paper folded up. Quest smoothed it out with his hand. They all leaned over and read the following words, written in an obviously disguised hand:

You have embarked on a new study—anthropology. What character is strikes you most forcibly in connection with it? Cunning? The necklace might be where the skeleton is. Why not begin at the beginning?

The note was unsigned, but in the spot where a signature might have been there was a rough pen drawing of two hands, with fingers extended, talon fashion menacingly, as though poised to strike at some unseen enemy. Quest, after their first moment of astonishment, whistled softly.

"The hands!" he muttered.

"What hands?" Lenora asked.

"The hands that gripped Mrs. Rheinholdt by the throat," he reminded them. "Don't you remember? Hands without arms?"

There was another brief, almost stupefied silence. Then Laura broke into speech.

"What I want to know is," she demanded, "who brought the thing here?"

"A most daring exploit, anyway," Quest declared. "If we could answer your question, Laura, we could solve the whole riddle. We are up against something, and no mistake."

"The hand which placed that box there," Quest continued slowly, "is capable of even more wonderful things. We must be cautious. Hello!"

The door had opened. The professor stood upon the threshold.

"I trust that I have done right in coming up," he inquired.

"Quite right, professor," Quest assured him. "They know well enough downstairs that I am always at home in you. Come in."

I am anxious to learn," the professor said.

there is any news—of my skeleton."

"Not yet, professor, I am sorry to say," Quest replied. "Come in and shut the door."

"There is a young lady here," he said, "who caught me up upon the landing. She, too, I believe, wishes to see you."

He threw open the door and stood on one side. A young woman came a little hesitatingly into the room. Her hair was plainly brushed back, and she wore the severe dress of the Salvation Army.

"Want to see me, young lady?" Quest asked.

She held out a book.

"My name is Miss Quigg," she said. "I want to ask you for a subscription to our funds."

Quest frowned a little.

"Very well, Miss Quigg, you shall have a donation. I am busy today, but call at the same hour tomorrow and my secretary shall have a check ready for you."

The girl smiled her gratitude.

The professor laid his hand upon her arm as she passed.

"Young lady," he observed, "you seem very much in earnest about your work."

"It is only the people in earnest, sir," she answered, "who can do any good in the world. My work is worth being in earnest about."

"You compel my admiration. My most respectful admiration. May I, too, be permitted?"

He drew out a pocketbook and passed over toward her a little wad of notes.

"It is so kind of you," she murmured. "We never have any hesitation in accepting money. May I know your name?"

"It is not necessary," the professor answered. "You can enter me," he added, as he held open the door for her, "as a friend—or would you prefer a pseudonym?"

"A pseudonym, if you please," she begged. "We have so many who send us sums of money as friends. Anything will do."

The professor glanced around the room.

"What pseudonym shall I adopt?" he ruminated. "Shall I say that an oak sideboard gives you five hundred dollars? Or a Chippendale sofa? Or," he added, his eyes resting for a moment upon the little box, "a black box?"

The two girls from the other side of the table started. Even Quest swung suddenly around. The professor, as though pleased with his fancy, nodded as his fingers played with the lid.

"Yes, that will do very nicely," he decided. "Put me down—'Black Box,' five hundred dollars."

The girl took out her book and began to write. The professor, with a little farewell bow, crossed the room toward Quest. Lenora moved toward the door.

"Let me see you out," she said to the girl pleasantly.

Lenora opened the door. Both girls started. Only a few feet away Quest was standing, his head a little thrust forward. For a moment the quiet respect of his manner seemed to have deserted him. He seemed at a loss for words.

"What do you want?" Lenora demanded.

"I was waiting for my master," Craig explained.

"Why not downstairs?" Lenora asked suspiciously. "You did not come up with him."

"I am driving the professor in his automobile," Craig explained. "It occurred to me that if he were going to be long here I should have time to go and order another tire. It is of no consequence, though. I will go down and wait in the car."

Lenora stood at the top of the stairs and watched him disappear. Then she went thoughtfully back to her work. The professor and Quest were talking at the farther end of the room.

"I was in hopes, in great hopes," the professor admitted, "that you might have heard something. I promised to call at Mrs. Rheinholdt's this afternoon."

Quest shook his head.

"There is nothing to report at present, Mr. Ashleigh," he announced.

"Dear me," the professor murmured, "this is very disappointing. Is there no clue, Mr. Quest—no clue at all?"

"Not a ghost of one," Quest acknowledged. "I am as far off solving the mystery of the disappearance of your skeleton and Mrs. Rheinholdt's necklace as I have ever been."

The professor took a courteous leave of them all and departed. Lenora crossed the room to where Quest was seated.

"Mr. Quest," she asked, "do you believe in inspiration?"

"I attribute a large amount of my success," Quest replied, "to my profound belief in it."

"Then let me tell you," Lenora continued, "that I have one, and a very strong one. Do you know that when

the professor's servant, Craig, was there, listening?"

"Inspector French has had his men watching Craig ever since the night of the robbery," Quest remarked. "What's that? Answer the telephone, Lenora."

Lenora obeyed.

"It's Inspector French," she announced. "He wants to speak to you."

Quest nodded and held out his hand for the receiver.

"Hello, French!" he exclaimed.

"Anything fresh?"

"Nothing much," was the answer. "One of my men, though, who has been up Mayton avenue way, brought in something I found rather interesting this morning. I want you to come round and see it."

"Go right ahead and tell me about it," Quest invited.

"You know we've been shadowing Craig," the inspector continued. "Not much luck up till now. Fellow seems never to leave his master's side. We have had a couple of men up there, though, and one of them brought in a curious-looking object he picked up just outside the back of the professor's grounds."

"What is the thing?" Quest asked.

"Well, I want you to see whether you agree with me," French went on. "If you can't come round, I'll come to you."

"No necessity," Quest replied. "We've got over little difficulties of that sort. Laura just took on the phototelephone," he added, holding the receiver away for a moment. "One moment, French. There that's right," he added, as Laura, with deft fingers arranged what seemed to be a sensitized mirror to the instrument.

"Now, French, hold up the article just in front of the receiver. There, that's right. Hold it steady. I've got the focus of it now. Say, French, where did you say that was found?"

"Just outside the professor's back gate," French granted. "But you're not kidding me—"

"It's a finger from the professor's skeleton you've got there," Quest interrupted.

Quest hung up the receiver. Then he turned toward his two assistants. "Another finger from the professor's skeleton," he announced, "has been found just outside his grounds. What do you suppose that means?"

"Craig," Lenora declared confidently.

"Craig on your life," Laura echoed.

"Say, Mr. Quest, I've got an idea," Quest nodded.

"Go right ahead with it."

"Didn't the butler at Mrs. Rheinholdt's say that Craig belonged to a servant's club up town? I know the place well. Let me go and see if I can't join and pick up a little information about the man. He must have a night out sometimes. Let's find out what he does. How's that?"

"Capital!" Quest agreed. "Get along, Laura. And you, Lenora," he added, "put on your hat. We'll take a ride towards Mayton avenue."

CHAPTER IX.

The exact spot where the bones of the missing skeleton was discovered, was easily located. It was about twenty yards from a gate which led into the back part of the professor's grounds. Quest wasted very little time before arriving at a decision.

"The discovery of the bones so near the professor's home," he decided, "cannot be coincidence only. We will waste no time out here, Lenora. We will search the grounds. Come on."

It was hard to know which way to turn. Every path was choked with tangled weeds and bushes. They wan-

dered about almost aimlessly for nearly half an hour. Then Quest came to a sudden standstill. Lenora gripped his arm. They had both heard the same sound—a queer, crooning cry, half plaintive, half angry.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

Lenora still clung to his arm.

"I hate this place," she whispered. "It terrifies me. What are we looking for, Mr. Quest?"

"Can't say that I know exactly," the latter answered, "but I guess we'll find out where that cry came from. Sounded to me uncommonly like a human effort."

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